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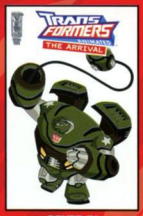

COVER RI
BULKHEAD Art

THE ARRIVAL #2

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LETTERS BY
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"ATTENTION SURPLUS DISORDER"

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INKS BY
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LIAM SHALLOO

"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHATISNAME?"

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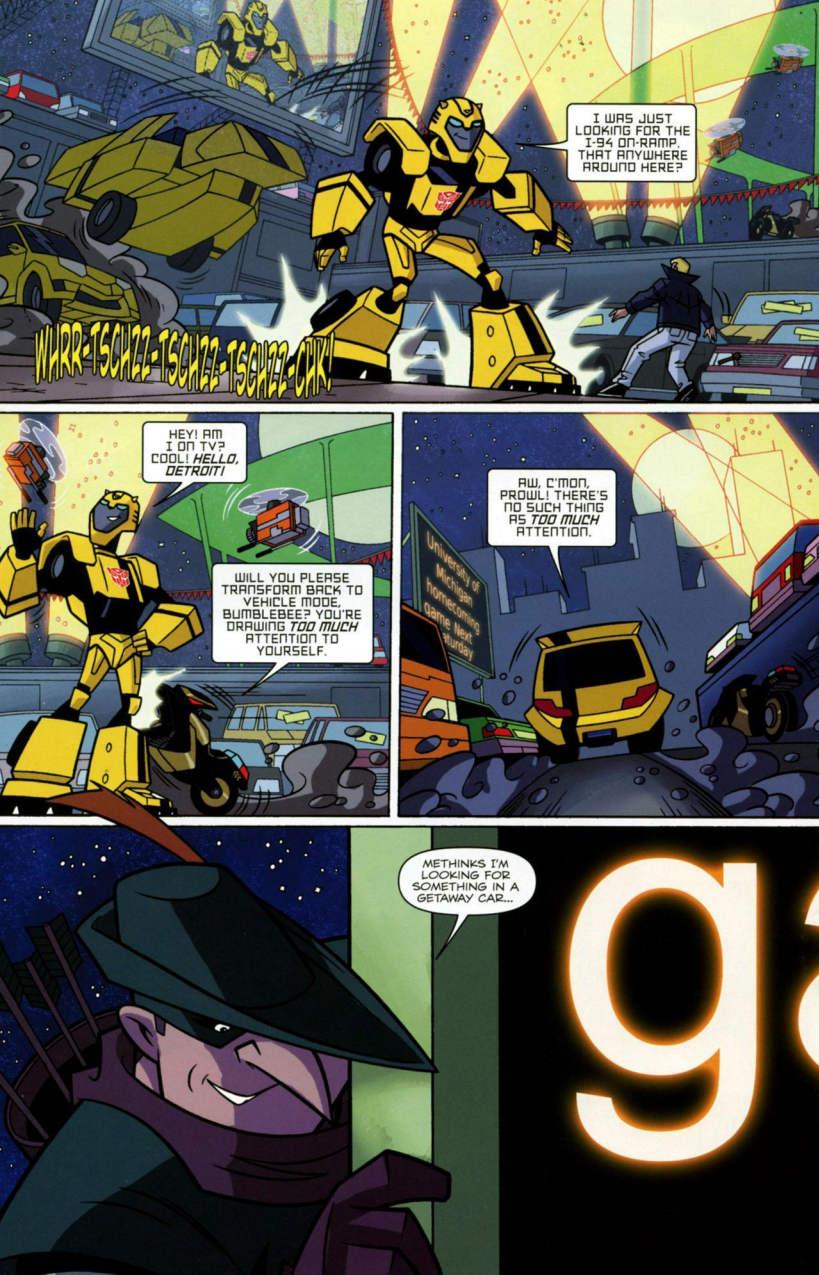
ATTENTION SURPLUS DISORDER
MIDNIGHT MADNESS BLOWOUT SALE!
SO COME ON DOWN TO MOTOR CITY MOTORS AND MECHANOIDS FOR OUR ANNUAL USED CAR AND USED BOT MIDNIGHT MADNESS MEGA-SALE!
$300
WE'VE GOT THE HOTTEST DEALS ON PREVIOUSLY OWNED AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMATONS... WITH LOW DOWN PAYMENTS AND EASY FINANCING!
$300
CHECK OUT THESE BEAUTIES! LOOKS LIKE THEY JUST ROLLED OFF THE FACTORY FLOOR! BUILT SOLID! BUILT TOUGH! BUILT TO LAST!
$300
SLAM
HEY! WATCH IT!

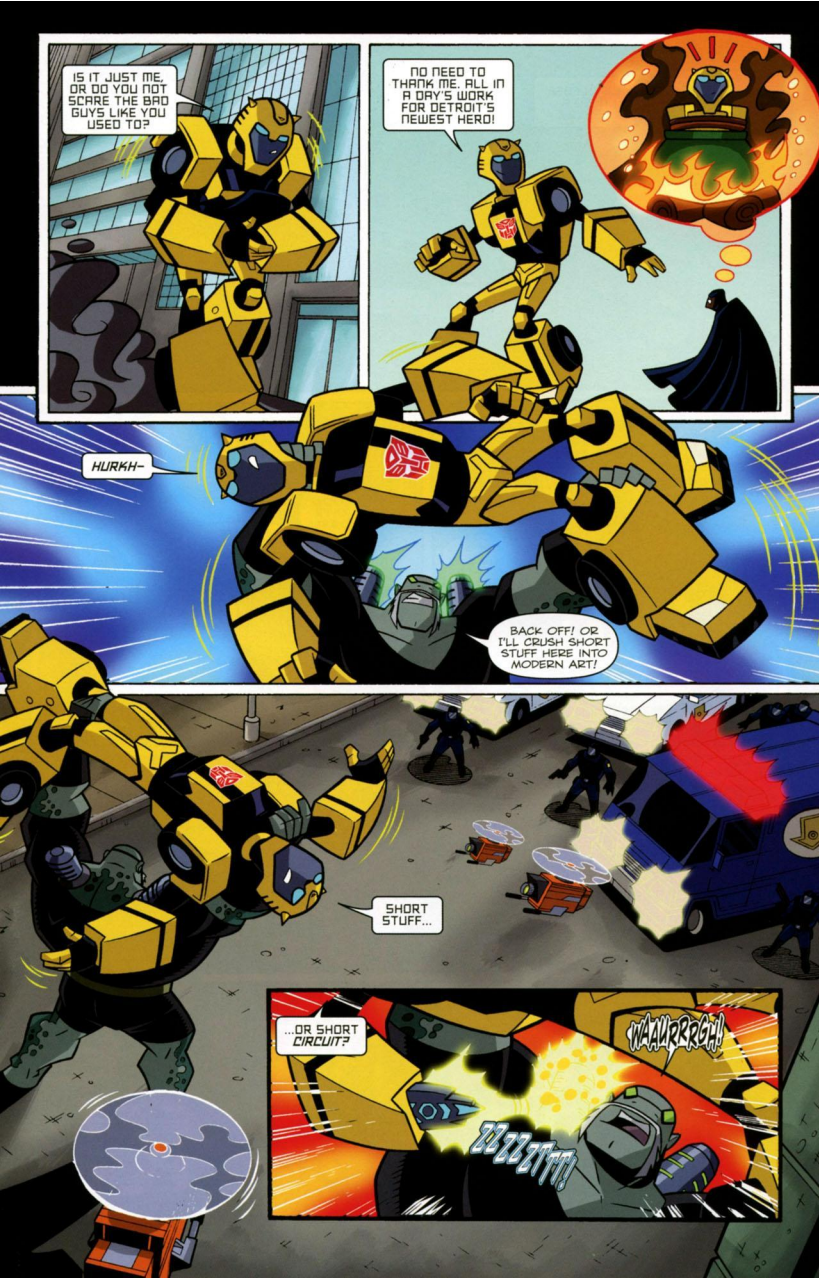

I WAS JUST LOOKING FOR THE I-94 ON-RAMP. THAT ANYWHERE AROUND HERE?
WHRR-TSCH22-TSCH22-TSCH22-CHK!
HEY! AM I ON TV? COOL! HELLO, DETROIT!
WILL YOU PLEASE TRANSFORM BACK TO VEHICLE MODE, BUMBLEBEE? YOU'RE DRAWING TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO YOURSELF.
AW, C'MON, PROWL! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TOO MUCH ATTENTION.
University of Michigan homecoming game Next Saturday
METHINKS I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN A GETAWAY CAR...

...NAMELY ME WITH ALL THINE CASH!
YOU WON'T BE SPENDING IT WHERE YOU'RE GOING, ANGRY ARCHER...
WHAT? WH-WHO SAID THAT?
NAY! IT CANNOT BE!
POOF
CURSE YOUR GHOSTLY INCORPOREAL VISAGE!
YOU CAN RUN, ARCHER...
POOF
...BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE WRATH OF... THE WRAITH!
POOF

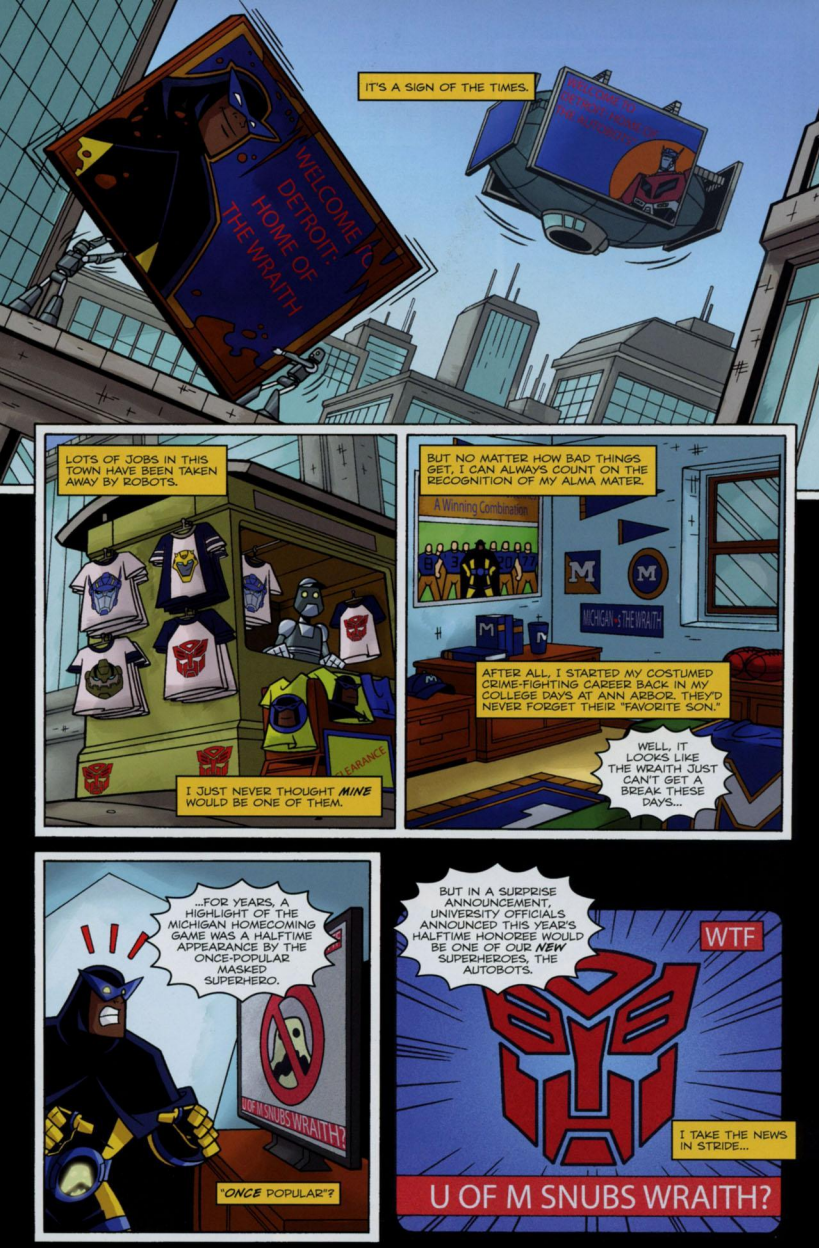
THE WRAITH SEES ALL...
THE WRAITH KNOWS ALL...
YEAH, "BLAH-BLAH-BLAH." JUST GRAB THE GUY ALREADY!
HE OBVIOUSLY CAN'T "JUST GRAB THE GUY," BUMBLEBEE.
BECAUSE HE'S MERELY A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION.
BEWARE, FOOLISH MACHINE! THE WRAITH IS NO HOLOGRAPHIC TRICKERY, I ASSURE YOU!
THE WRAITH IS A SPIRIT FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE THAT SEES INTO THE HEARTS OF EVILDOERS EVERYWHERE!
WHICH, JUDGING BY THE ANGLE, SHOULD BE EMANATING FROM...
...THERE!
HEY! COOL PROJECTION EQUIPMENT! IS THAT HOW YOU MAKE YOURSELF LOOK LIKE A GHOST? OOH, AND CHECK OUT THOSE SMOKE MACHINES!

AND ON THE LIGHTER SIDE, THE MASKED VIGILANTE KNOWN AS "THE WRAITH" WAS INADVERTENTLY UPSTAGED LAST NIGHT BY ONE OF THE CITY'S NEWEST SUPERHEROES, THE AUTOBOTS... HIS SECRETS REVEALED FOR ALL OF DETROIT TO SEE.
AS FOR WHETHER THE REVELATION OF "THE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN" WOULD CURTAIL HIS VIGILANTE EFFORTS, THE WRAITH COULD NOT BE REACHED FOR COMMENT.
I DON'T SEE WHAT THE BIG DEAL IS. CAN'T HE JUST SCAN A NEW ALT-MODE?
I DON'T THINK IT'S THAT SIMPLE, BUMBLEBEE. FROM WHAT I CAN TELL, THIS "WRAITH" PERSON RELIES ON THE MYSTERY OF HIS APPEARANCE TO FRIGHTEN CRIMINALS INTO SUBMISSION.
BREAKING NEW
AND ONCE YOU STRIP AWAY THE MYSTERY...
...THE APPEARANCE HARDLY MATTERS.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, NINJA-BOT. I AM ALL ABOUT APPEARANCE.
AND LITTLE ELSE, I'M AFRAID.

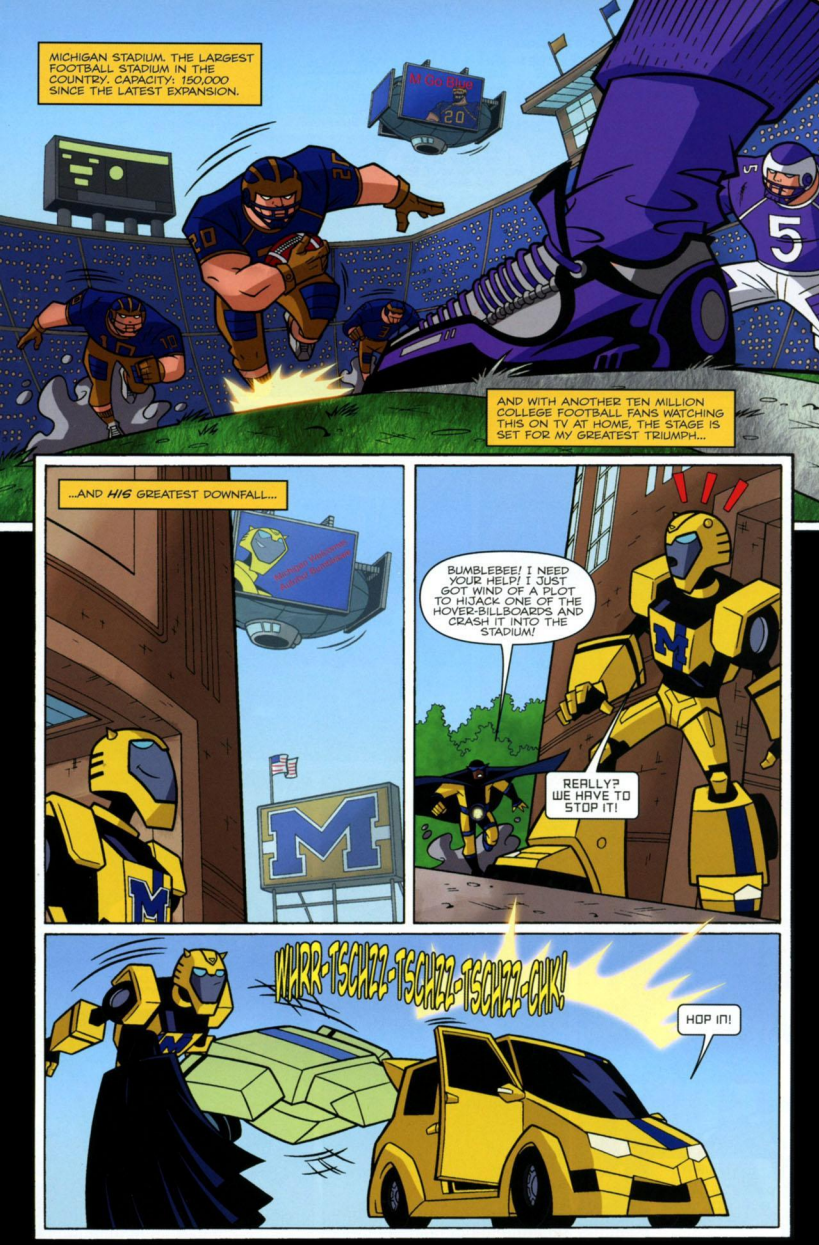
"WE'RE GETTING WORD NOW FROM DOWNTOWN THAT CYRUS 'THE COLOSSUS' RHODES HAS JUST ESCAPED FROM PRISON. WE TAKE YOU LIVE TO THE SCENE..."
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, COPPER-TOPS!
WHO SAYS I'M TAKING YOU ALIVE, CYRUS RHODES?
NOW GIVE YOURSELF UP, OR FACE THE WRATH OF... THE WRAITH!
WHAT? YOU THINK I DON'T WATCH TV?
I KNOW YER IN THERE!
SURE DON'T FEEL LIKE NO GHOST.
HOWZABOUT I BREAK YOU IN TWO JUST TA BE SURE?
HUH?
WHIZZZZZZZ!


IS IT JUST ME, OR DO YOU NOT SCARE THE BAD GUYS LIKE YOU USED TO?
NO NEED TO THANK ME. ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR DETROIT'S NEWEST HERO!
HURKH–
BACK OFF! OR I'LL CRUSH SHORT STUFF HERE INTO MODERN ART!
SHORT STUFF...
...OR SHORT CIRCUIT?
WAAARRRGH!
ZZZZZTTT!!!

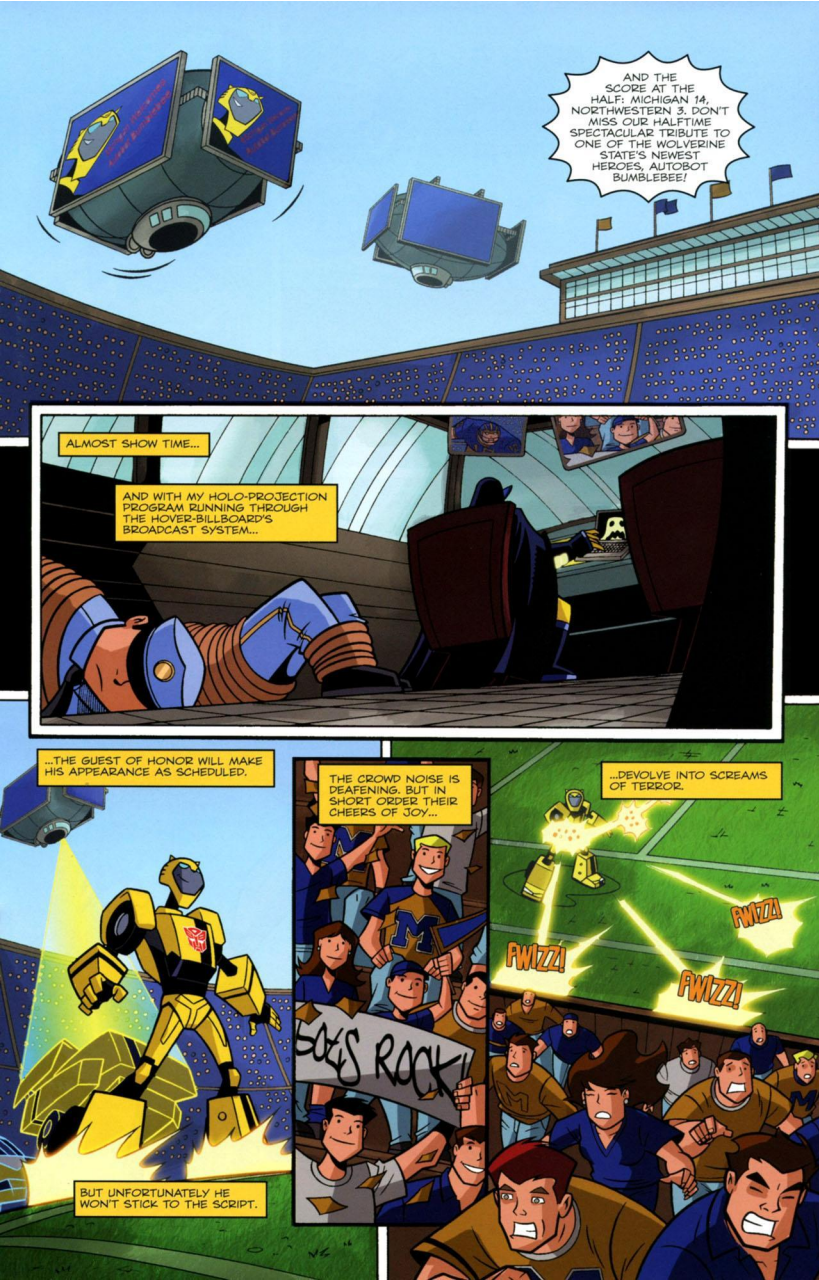
BUMBLEBEE! NEED A SERVO?
SPARK, YEAH! SIGNING ALL THESE AUTOGRAPHS IS GIVING ME WRITER'S CRAMP!
BUMBLEBEE! OVER HERE!
GET A PICTURE OF ME WITH HIM!
CAN YOU SIGN THIS? I MEAN, IT'S FOR MY KID.
~AHEM!~ LET A MORE SEASONED HERO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE...
LOOK! OVER THERE!
I WANT YOUR AUTOGRAPH TOO! I MEAN, IT'S FOR MY KID!
WAIT! DON'T GO AWAY!
GET A PICTURE OF ME WITH PROWL AND RATCHET!
PRIME! OVER HERE!
BULKHEAD, CAN YOU SIGN THIS? IT'S FOR MY—AH, WHO'M I KIDDING? I DON'T HAVE ANY KIDS. IT'S FOR ME, OKAY?

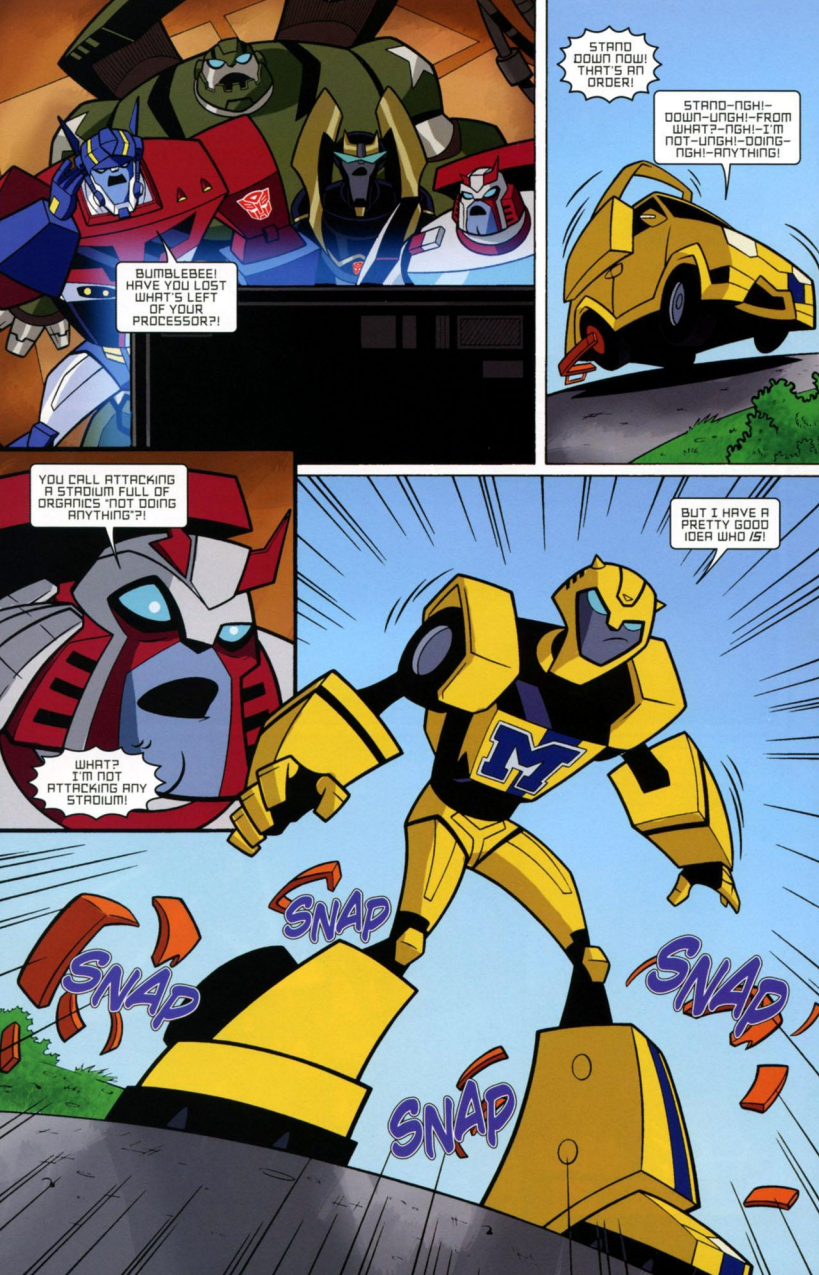

IT'S A SIGN OF THE TIMES.
WELCOME TO DETROIT: HOME OF THE WRAITH
LOTS OF JOBS IN THIS TOWN HAVE BEEN TAKEN AWAY BY ROBOTS.
I JUST NEVER THOUGHT *MINE* WOULD BE ONE OF THEM.
BUT NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS GET, I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON THE RECOGNITION OF MY ALMA MATER.
A Winning Combination
MICHIGAN • THE WRAITH
AFTER ALL, I STARTED MY COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER BACK IN MY COLLEGE DAYS AT ANN ARBOR. THEY'D NEVER FORGET THEIR "FAVORITE SON."
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE WRAITH JUST CAN'T GET A BREAK THESE DAYS...
...FOR YEARS, A HIGHLIGHT OF THE MICHIGAN HOMECOMING GAME WAS A HALFTIME APPEARANCE BY THE ONCE-POPULAR MASKED SUPERHERO.
U OF M SNUBS WRAITH?
"*ONCE* POPULAR"?
BUT IN A SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT, UNIVERSITY OFFICIALS ANNOUNCED THIS YEAR'S HALFTIME HONOREE WOULD BE ONE OF OUR *NEW* SUPERHEROES, THE AUTOBOTS.
WTF
I TAKE THE NEWS IN STRIDE...
U OF M SNUBS WRAITH?

AND I VOW TO SHOW THEM WHAT A REAL HERO LOOKS LIKE...
WHAT KIND OF ATTENTION-STARVED BOT WOULD EVEN WANT TO PARADE HIMSELF IN FRONT OF 150,000 SCREAMING ORGANICS?
WTF
M GO BLUE!


MICHIGAN STADIUM. THE LARGEST FOOTBALL STADIUM IN THE COUNTRY. CAPACITY: 150,000 SINCE THE LATEST EXPANSION.
M Go Blue
AND WITH ANOTHER TEN MILLION COLLEGE FOOTBALL FANS WATCHING THIS ON TV AT HOME, THE STAGE IS SET FOR MY GREATEST TRIUMPH...
...AND HIS GREATEST DOWNFALL...
BUMBLEBEE! I NEED YOUR HELP! I JUST GOT WIND OF A PLOT TO HIJACK ONE OF THE HOVER-BILLBOARDS AND CRASH IT INTO THE STADIUM!
REALLY? WE HAVE TO STOP IT!
WRRR-TSCHZZ-TSCHZZ-TSCHZZ-CHK!
HOP IN!

THIS COULD GET DANGEROUS. MAYBE I SHOULD CALL THE OTHERS FOR BACKUP.
GOTCHA! NOTHING LIKE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE...
NO TIME NOW. JUST STAY IN CAR MODE AND WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL.
I COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF...
CLAMP!
HEY! WHAT DID YOU—?
IT'S CALLED A DENVER BOOT. BUT IT WORKS JUST AS WELL IN DETROIT.
UNGH! CAN'T... TRANSFORM!
CLAMP!
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THAT HOVER-BILLBOARD HIJACKING WE'RE SUPPOSED TO THWART?
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THWARTING IT?
-:COUGH:- GAS! -:COUGH:-
-:COUGH:- -:COUGH:- UHNNNGHH...

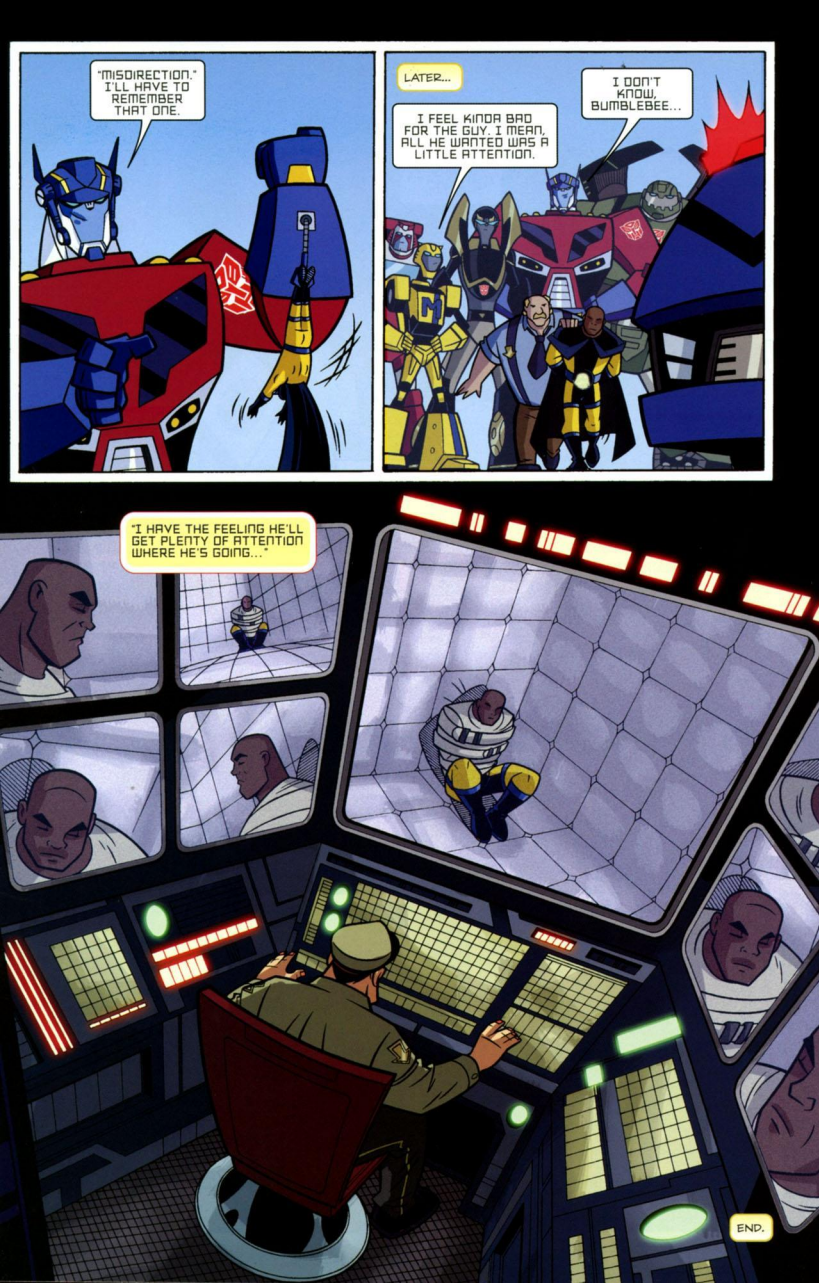

AND THE SCORE AT THE HALF: MICHIGAN 14, NORTHWESTERN 3. DON'T MISS OUR HALFTIME SPECTACULAR TRIBUTE TO ONE OF THE WOLVERINE STATE'S NEWEST HEROES, AUTOBOT BUMBLEBEE!
ALMOST SHOW TIME...
AND WITH MY HOLO-PROJECTION PROGRAM RUNNING THROUGH THE HOVER-BILLBOARD'S BROADCAST SYSTEM...
...THE GUEST OF HONOR WILL MAKE HIS APPEARANCE AS SCHEDULED.
BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE WON'T STICK TO THE SCRIPT.
THE CROWD NOISE IS DEAFENING. BUT IN SHORT ORDER THEIR CHEERS OF JOY...
BOTS ROCK!
...DEVOLVE INTO SCREAMS OF TERROR.
FWIZZ!
FWIZZ!
FWIZZ!


BUMBLEBEE! HAVE YOU LOST WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR PROCESSOR?!
STAND DOWN NOW! THAT'S AN ORDER!
STAND-NGH!-DOWN-UNGH!-FROM WHAT?-NGH!-I'M NOT-UNGH!-DOING-NGH!-ANYTHING!
YOU CALL ATTACKING A STADIUM FULL OF ORGANICS "NOT DOING ANYTHING"?!
WHAT? I'M NOT ATTACKING ANY STADIUM!
BUT I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO IS!
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP

THEY'RE TOO PANICKED TO NOTICE THAT THE AUTOBOT AND HIS "VICTIMS" ARE NOTHING BUT HOLOGRAPHIC ILLUSIONS.
BUT THEY WILL NOTICE ME!
FWIZZ!
FOOLISH AUTOBOT! YOUR WEAPONS HAVE NO EFFECT ON... THE WRAITH!
PITY THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID ABOUT YOU AND THE "GHOST IN THE MACHINE."
MY GHOSTLY FORM MAKES "SHORT" WORK OF YOUR INTERNAL CIRCUITRY.
"SHORT" "CIRCUITRY." I GET IT!

BUT I DON'T GET WHY YOU SET ME UP. ARE YOU SERIOUSLY THAT DESPERATE TO MAKE YOURSELF LOOK GOOD IN FRONT OF THIS CROWD?
AND BY "YOURSELF" I *SHOULD* SAY "YOUR *VIRTUAL* SELF!"
KZZZZKT!
INSOLENT MACHINE! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT! NOBODY UPSTAGES THE WRAITH! NOBODY!
!

THOUGHT YOU COULD USE A SERVO THIS TIME.
DON'T WANT YA GETTING WRITER'S CRAMP AGAIN...
YOU MAY HAVE WON THIS TIME, MACHINES... BUT YOU'LL NEVER CAPTURE THE WRAITH!
NEVER SAY "NEVER"... EH?
MISDIRECTION; WORKS EVERY TIME.
OOF!


"MISDIRECTION." I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT ONE.
LATER...
I DON'T KNOW, BUMBLEBEE...
I FEEL KINDA BAD FOR THE GUY. I MEAN, ALL HE WANTED WAS A LITTLE ATTENTION.
"I HAVE THE FEELING HE'LL GET PLENTY OF ATTENTION WHERE HE'S GOING..."
END.

Whatever Happened To WHATISNAME?
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OFFLINE?
LET'S SEE... THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS...
THE ALLSPARK IS LIFE!
THEN LET IT END YOURS!
CLEARLY THAT DIDN'T END WELL...
OH, SPARK! STASIS LOCK! I CAN'T MOVE!
TRAPPED FOR ETERNITY ON THIS ACCURSED ORGANIC PLANET!
COULD MY FATE POSSIBLY GET ANY WORSE?!
GASP! A NAUGHTY, VIOLENT, GIANT ROBOT TOY!
AVERT YOUR EYES, POWDERED SUGAR!
NOTE TO SELF: NEVER UTTER THE PHRASE "COULD MY FATE POSSIBLY GET ANY WORSE?"

YOU! SMALL FLYING PINK THING!
THERE'S A MANUAL RESTART SWITCH JUST UNDER MY CHEST PLATE. OPEN THE ACCESS PANEL AND ACTIVATE IT!
WELL... THERE'S JUST ONE TEENSY-WEENSY LITTLE PROBLEM...
...YOU DIDN'T SAY PLEASE!
WHY YOU LITTLE—!
AHEM! WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS... YOU SWEET ADORABLE CHILD... I WOULD BE EVER SO GRATEFUL IF YOU COULD POSSIBLY SEE YOUR WAY FIT TO ACTIVATE MY MANUAL RESET FOR ME...

PLEEEEEEEEASE....
WELL... I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO THAT FOR YOU...
...BUT I'D HAVE TO FIX YOU UP FIRST.
YES. FIX ME UP. GOOD IDEA.
MOMENTS LATER...
BAD IDEA! TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE IDEA!
REMOVE THIS ABOMINATION AT ONCE, CHILD!
AH-AH-AH...
...YOU DIDN'T SAY PLEASE!

THE BRAT'S RAINBOW BLAST IS ENOUGH TO JUMP-START MY INTERNAL MECHANICS.
NEVER AGAIN WILL I TAKE SUCH PLEASURE AS WHEN I OBLITERATE YOU INTO THE TINY, PINK GREASE SMEAR THAT WILL FOREVER DEFACE THIS FOREST!
OKEY-DOKEY... BUT...
...SHOULD ANY HARM BEFALL ME OR POWDERED SUGAR, THIS PRETTY PICTURE WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY BROADCAST OVER EVERY COMMUNICATION SYSTEM AROUND THE GLOBE. MAYBE EVEN THE GALAXY.
LET US NEVER SPEAK OF THIS AGAIN, CHILD.
PHEW! THAT COULD HAVE BEEN HUMILIATING!
END.

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Next Month:
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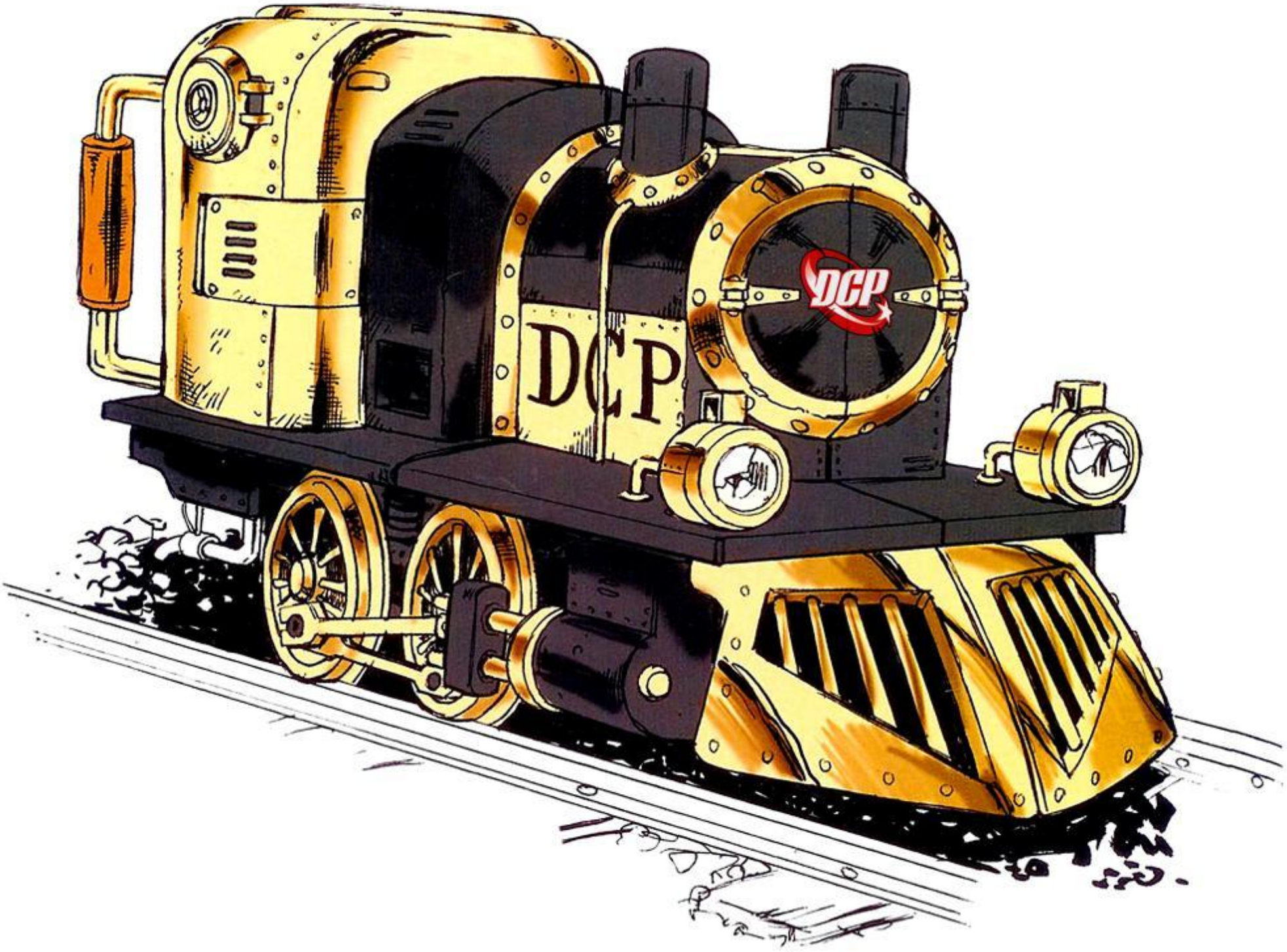
SPACE ENGINE
STEAM & SPACEMAN SPIFF